



Bomba Movies



YES! We're back! Wittier than Noel Coward on bad acid, spunkier than Sarah Young's breath and with more bite than a barrelful of rabid baboons. Rumours of our demise have been greatly exaggerated.

Financing of this 16 page extravaganza has been the source of much wailing and the gnashing of teeth down at Bomba HQ. Loss of free photo-copying and a reluctance to tolerate the whining of trainspotters pining on about the crap grammar and lack of credits just cos they shelled out 50 whole pence meant that alternatives had to be considered.

CHONDRI STANDS AS THE ULTIMATE ACHIEVEMENT OF MORGAN'S TRANSPLANT SURGERY. MORGAN'S BIOCHEMICAL RESEARCHERS, AND RUBY'S EXPERIMENTS IN PLASTICIZED PROSTHETICS.

Suggestions for raising the much needed cash included falsely claiming that we'd been nicked by customs for smuggling a pile of jiz-videos and asking for donations to pay our legal fees and smash the system again, putting on a film festival and then not showing half of the advertised films and the rest in cut versions freely available in any video-shop and lastly, selling back issues of Euro Trash Cinema at vastly inflated prices considering they were bought at a car-boot sale.

All were rejected as reprehensible and morally bankrupt so instead, we cooked up a batch of Frankenhooker super-craze and flogged it to child prostitutes. So thanks to the tory spirit of free enterprise and a pile of Buzzle back issues, the Jackbooted publishing empire continues to blitzkrieg your letterbox at no more than the price of a stamp. Hallucughi!

Next issue will be a "Prince Albert" special and will contain loadsa photos of shaved chicks with pierced labias and we'll mercilessly slate anything even remotely connected with horror cos we're dead jaded and cynical.

Enjoy our scuzziest guide yet to the sleaze and filth that you can cram into your VCR and we'll see you next issue.

THE BOMBA BOYS

This issues soundtrack was ICE CUBE-THE PREDATOR AGENT ORANGE-THIS IS THE VOICE GREEN DAY-DOOKIE FUNDAMENTAL-SIZE THE TIME MAROHAN-33 REVOLUTIONS PER MIN



It wasn't uncommon to come home from a day's work and find a bottle of blood in the toilet because the government prohibits filling in the full of blood into the toilet. But the primary that has been the at least 10 years in manufacturing.



WHY LOOK AT ALL THIS STUFF? WE'VE GOT OUR WAY OF LIFE... TRAINING DOWN OUR MORAL FIBRE!



WHEN I THINK THAT BUNNY WATERS... UNDERCOVER SUIT HAS DEDICATED HER LIFE TO EXCITING FILTH LIKE THIS...



BLOODY PIT OF HORROR
THE KEYS RESIDENT
IN CASES
YOUR PETS

SOFT, WELL!

CHAINED TO LIFE

BONE-CHILLING SHOCKER

Many thanks, yo and other street-wise sayings to Bomba's spiritual adviser and contributor Steve McWinter and to everyone who supports Bomba with their SAE...GRIPPING CLIMAX!

FREE SEX

PORNO HOLOCAUST

Buy this book today before it's sold out!
In stock at only \$19.95! In 2004, according
to our critics, it was rated as the best of the decade!

TIME FOR DINNER
STEVEN!



case of Beauty & The Beast when Laura Gemers' hardcore alter-ego (unlike the original Black Pearl she's willing to spread her starfish in its' full technical colour glory) gives him a meaningful look. And a dose of the clap as well allegedly. George Eastman runs a harpoon into his guts for good measure.

Beautiful temples...
or bloodthirsty
monsters?

PORNO SHOCKER

YOU STAND MOTIONLESS
UNDER THE MOON IN THE
SILENT SWAMP.....YOU
HAVEN'T MOVED FOR DAYS!
YOUR MIND IS A BLANK,
AND YOUR GLASSY EYES
STARE AHEAD UNSEEINGLY!

Joe D'Amato can sit proudly upon the shit-pot of sleaze as the other pretenders to his throne are forced to choke upon a casserole of his festering turds and the vile crust scraped from his anal-hairs. This has just gotta be the most deliciously perverted, eyeball-deforming sick-flick ever to pass thru a VCR. You can always rely upon Joe to produce the mouth-watering goods and the wildly inconsistent Argento deserves to be anally-

"THE MOST VIOLENT MAN ON EARTH!"

The gore is strictly of the sheeps brains blu-tacked to the forehead variety although Mark Shepherds' beard is a prosthetic device of mind-boggling technology. Suspense consists of endless POV shots, breathing from the horny zombies loud enough to wake up a heavily sedated deaf man who has not slept for a month and that bloody music that

brings to you these very forbidden and ultra-rare ways of harming virtually everyone you know is COUNT DUMME, who would not be able to RIP HIS MOTHER'S EYES OUT. Count Dumme was the International High School Wrestling Champion in 1955 when he beat up

IT MAKES BEASTS OF MEN AND WOMEN...

excavated by D'Amato's huge throbbing phallus of genius until his rectal-sac is hanging outta ass in bloodied-tatters. When Joe promises a Porno Holocaust you just know that you're gonna experience a dick-nibbling, semen-slurping, pouting pussy extravaganza of biblical proportions. However, not even the most fanatical disciple of the Church Of Massaccesi dare to hope for the demented celluloid orgy of deviant sexual acts that unfolds before you.

SHATTERING

...AND SO DOWN THE SAME ROAD SO MANY OTHER DIRTY MAGAZINE READERS HAVE TRAVELED...JAIL!

ZOMBIE GIRLS FIGHT, BITE!



A buncha scientists (gynaecologists judging by the huge amount of time they spend pawing on anothers' genitals) jaunt off to a desert island to be strangled, kidnapped and corralled by a mutated zombie-native. Huge, scabby and glowing in the dark (and that's just his wang!) the randy zomboid gets a bad



A jiz-juggling record for the highest number of 69s on a beach in D'Amato flick was definitely set. The scene that truly summed up all that is magnificent about this film and the whole porno-genre was of two horrendously affixed negroes (possibly the



PETRIFYING COLOR!

backing singers from Bony H) rolling their eyes in mock-ecstasy as they shoved their totally limp dicks into some poor actresses' throat who looks like Gough, employing the death-dealing art of Kato, King, P.A., J.W.D., Akela and Kink in The Goon, The International House of Pancakes and the Count... "Father of the Year" when he ATE HIS OWN SON directed in 1970.

While It May Be Seen By Any Adult... It Will Best Be Understood By The Sophisticated...

ART OF SPANKING

to be putting maximum concentration into not throwing up. D'Anato uses his background as a photographer and cinematographer to flawlessly pick out any unsightly blemishes or zits on his casts' buttocks.

A totally twisted and tormented flick that will surely alienate all but the most depraved of junk-movie fans in search of that ultimate fix of mayhem, mutilation and glistening twats.

A true yank-cranker and a total killer!!!!

As Kenny puts it in his dudelike Philly dialect, he and the girl were "tuckin' face" at one o'clock in the morning. You know, I got her clothes off and didn't realize she was missing a leg or anything. I think [her empuclia] was above the knee, too.

**APCALYPSE SEXUALE
BOG... A CREATURE
AWAKENS TO KILL... KILL...**

We were fuckin' buck-naked, and I'm goin' for it—Wk, Peter had a head-on, whatever.

Scorritas go ultra-sleaze! A catalogue of wild perversions guaranteed to stimulate the palate of the most jaded connoisseur are in abundance in this totally brutal porno-actiner helmed by Carlos (cunningly disguised as Charly) Mured.

Political correctness, along with most of the cast gets fucked up the ass in this outrageous tale of a gang of bank-robbing hedonists specialising in kidnap and ransom who capture a millionaires daughter. Subjected to endless degradation and abuse, the captive turns captor as she

BUT I HAVE READ OF YOU... AND I KNOW YOU ARE DIFFERENT FROM MERE MEN.

UNBELIEVABLE!

NEW!

gradually learns to love it (just like in real life) and manipulates the hedonists into cutting one another up with a solitary, due to budgetary restrictions, flick-knife.

Euro-sleaze sluts supreme, Ajita Wilson and Lina Roney give it loads. Mrs Franco, wearing nowt but a sulky pout which suggests a gobful of lurge-turge.

**A HORROR
SUSPENSE STORY**

EVEN WITHOUT A SCORRITAS-TO-SCORRITAS SEXUAL PERFORMANCE, D'ANATO'S PERFORMANCE DESERVES TO ANCHOR THE ATTENTIVE CROWD.

HERE, I'LL TAKE THIS ONE... I LIKE TO SCAT OFF TO PICTURES OF ERIC ESTERDA.

WHY WERE THE HELL IS THAT WHICH BRAT GOT HIS PUS ALL OVER THE SEAT?



NOW PLAYING at the DRIVE-IN

SUPERBLAST

OH YES IF SO OSL LEASHING... NOW LOOK I GUESS HAVE THROUGHT HE WAS A HEAVILY LOANED SPIRITUAL PERSON...

WUH! WUH!

NNHHH!



find your leg? You know, I'm lookin' for the other leg so I could drill her. And then she said something like, 'No, you don't understand—I don't have a leg there.' And it finally dawned on me—I think I remember looking down and seeing the stump. I was really drunk.

It's about this time that I'm contracted to wheel out the standard smart-arse comments about the 70s fashions, vague puns having a lot of bottle, getting snookered and wicking off 'cos I'm too chicken-shit to get down to brass-tacks and then finish off with some guilty whine about how I'm not really into all this and how sick it is all is and how I didn't jerk myself silly and I hope munny isn't reading this.

BLOODSUCKER!

Masterpiece Debut of the Month, Out of the Mouth of a Killer!

From the pen of the author of 'The Bloodsucker' and 'The Bloodsucker's Revenge' comes this new and exciting story of a man who is bitten by a vampire and must fight to survive.

Available in paperback and hardcover.

It's nasty, mean-spirited and misogynistic filth overflowing with horrendously edited sucky-fucky. Women-haters will no doubt be in serious danger of dehydration thru loss of bodily fluids.



RORY HAYES
AN APPRECIATION

BY
BILL GRIFFITH

Others will find this to be a far more concise essay on the machismo of Spanish men and their fear of women, than multiple viewings of the much-celebrated and oft-dissected Blood Spattered Bride.

RORY HAYES ARRIVED AT MY FRONT DOOR ONE DAY IN THE SUMMER AND DISVEILED AND ASKING FOR A SLICE OF PASTA. YOU ARE YOU TODAY, BUT HE SAID, "I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN SOME TIME." A HALF-HOUR LATER HE HAD KNOWN THE JAZZ-HOP STORY ABOUT MEETING SOMEONE IN A PHONE BOOTH ON MISSION STREET.

HUMAN BEASTS

Wildly uneven and totally racist Japanese/Spanish co-production helmed by evonyes' favourite "chunky ex-poe-lifter", Jacinto Molina. Jac plays Bruno, a mercenary who is "the best at what he does". Which appears to be double-cross his mysterious Japanese employers and steal their diamonds.

RORY WAS THE DOWDIER BUSHIDO THE SAN FRANCISCO UNDERGROUND COMIC SCENE. SOFT-SPOKEN AND WINDY, A VISIONARY MANHOLE BURIED UNDER THE SURFACE. DURING HIS BEST YEARS HE CREATED SOME OF THE MOST PUNISHING, GUTTER-LEVEL, AND GENUINELY INSPIRING "TONGUE KICK" EVER PRODUCED. HIS VISION WAS INSPIRED BY A BLENDING MIX OF EC, WARREN STURGEON, DRAGONHOOD, FEAR, AND A DRUG RECIPE (CONSISTING LARGELY OF NUTRIMENTAL DEFICIENCIES) FOR WHICH HE WAS ALWAYS SLOTTING UP THE INGREDIENTS. HE WAS, IN PERSON, AS DIS-

Bruno wipes them out, with the exception of Leiko who is expected to inherit his child.

Wounded whilst fleeing from his vengeful ex-lurver, Bruno takes shelter at the Don Simone mansion where he convalesces under the watchful eye of the wace Don, his kooky daughters Alicia and Monica and fed by the dark-skinned and mysterious house-keeper, Rachel.

Starting with an effectively atmospheric credit sequence, complete with medieval wood-carvings and wailing monks, the



YOU RED-SUITED FOOL! DON'T YOU REALIZE YET THAT YOU'RE TRYING TO ACCOMPLISH THE IMPOSSIBLE?

THE STEEL SPRINGS COILED AT MY FEET MAKE ME A DOZEN TIMES FASTER—MORE AGILE THAN YOU CAN EVER HOPE TO BE!



OF TERROR!

AN ORGY

I told her, as I knew she was a priestess, and I felt like I was performing a ritual for God, to search and find the truth and help get them off the streets and come back to God... I wanted to remember me as the one who helped.

Joseph Brian Sachs, self-declared "St. Peter" Messenger of the Lord, "emissary of saving and restoring the goddess Ishtar in Long Beach, California"

film takes on a split personality and turns from a bog standard actine into a supernatural stalk/nelasher until its' downbeat finale. Bruno, haunted by the ghosts of his past and reborn through the attentions of the doting Alicia, decides to renounce his violent ways only to meet a grisly fate and the hands of his saviour.

BAG (MY LOSSAGE?), WHEN ON SPEED AND CUTTING WITH HIS LIPS, CHECK HE CAN'T REMEMBER WHY HE TOOK THE TRIP TO THE HILLS SOUTH FROM SAN FRANCISCO, BUT FULL OF ENERGY, ENERS INTO A VIOLENT RAMPAGE THAT MUST BE MANAGED IN CASE HE MIGHTLY RETURN WITH THE HOTEL MANAGER. ALL IN QUARTERS THERE HE PROCEEDS TO PUNCH INTO THE "MANSION" - 2-11-11-11. BUT DON'T WORRY, UNTIL EVERYONE IS GONE, HE RETURNS HOME THE NEXT DAY, BROKE BUT STILL VIBRATING.

Apparently, the anthropology obsessed and skull-collecting Don who slaughters pigs in his basement is a nutter with a taste for human flesh thanks to the

They were mutilated in the art of mutilation and murder!

CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH
DEAD THINGS **Human Lust
Animal Desires**

A sorry specimen of that most repulsive mongrel; the horror-comedy. Bob Clark and Alan Greasy' homage to Romero is a huge let-down.



Considering this was only Clark & Greasy' second production, disappointment was inevitable, but expectations had been raised by the lavish fan masturbation dished out in Booba.

Greasy indulges himself in a vicious attack on actors(?) with his stereotypical carpet-munching performance as a fag director who bullies his worn-like cast into performing black magic rituals on a freshly dug-up corpse.



It's not skid-row production values or abysmal acting that souper proceedings but the flaccid pacing and lack of any real laughs from the "outrageous black humour". It's only when the zombies get out of bed on the wrong-side and it all goes spin-in-a-cabin that Clark and Greasy give any real indication of their future potential. Despite gory feeding sequences being obscured by poor lighting, the scenes whereby the dead emerge from their graves like diseased flowers hatching from dead soil is too notch.

Enter...if you dare the bizarre world of the psychosexual mind.

...AND ATE IT...
AND PUKED IT...
AND ATE IT...
AND PUKED IT...
AND ATE IT...

HEY! IS THAT
A GARDEN HOSE
BETWEEN YOUR LEGS?
WHAT THE FUCK ARE
YOU, MAN, SOME KIND
OF KREMP?

FORGOTTEN...
THE GENTLE
MUTTERINGS HAVE
TIRED OFF, BUT
THE FRIGGIN'
BURNED ARS-
TITUDES HAVE
DOUBLED!

YOU
MEAN
HERE'S
MORE?

I CAN
HARDLY
WAIT!

AND YOU
STILL HAVEN'T
YET SEEN ME
EXERCISE MY
GAY TEST
TALENT!!



SO SAVE ALL THAT FEMINIST
CRAP FOR SOMEONE ELSE! I DO
FIND YOURSELF SOME WIMPY,
Sissy FINE ARTS MAJOR WHO'LL
TELL YOU THAT YOUR GAYLY
BOOM NAR IS A BEAUTIFUL
THING WHILE HE SECRETLY
TERMS OFF TO LASCARIE ARS
BUT DON'T EXPECT ME TO
LIKE IT!



Treated far too kindly by reviewers and lauded as a cult classic it's nothing more than a very modest homage to Night of the Living Dead. I suggest that you skip your way past this onto Dead of Night and Deranged.

All I want to know is, where was the scene of the zombies chowing down on guts whilst watching NOTLD on TV?

YES...SAFE! SAFE
BEHIND THEIR MASKS
OF PREJUDICE, THESE
HOODED PEOPLES OF
RACIAL, RELIGIOUS,
AND POLITICAL
HATRED OPERATE
TODAY! MIND YOU, THEY
ARE SHREWD AND
RUTHLESS MEN SUCH
AS THOSE IN OUR
STORY! HOW LONG
CAN WE STAY 'COOL'
AND INDIFFERENT
TO THIS THREAT TO
OUR DEMOCRATIC
WAY OF LIFE? IT IS
TIME TO UNVEIL
THESE USURPERS OF
OUR CONSTITUTIONALLY
GUARANTEED FREEDOMS!



JACK-OFF MACHINE
WITH ALL BATHES!
The Living Dead
series...
...and you'll be a part of it!

KNOCK-OUT DROPS
Use a dose & watch 'em
drop. They'll never know what
hit 'em. (Not even you, if
you're not careful.)

Each set contains another 10 copies of previous issues! Don't miss
this opportunity to own the complete set of the Living Dead series!
Each set contains 10 copies of previous issues! Don't miss
this opportunity to own the complete set of the Living Dead series!

MAN, CHIPS LIKE, IS, WELL, IT'S REALLY ABOUT, LIKE, YOU KNOW—JESUS? THE TWO PIGS REPRESENT, LIKE, THE TWO KINGS OF POWER JESUS HAD, YOU KNOW, MAN, LIKE, JESUS HAD NO YIN! HE MAN, LIKE, YANG AND YANG... YOU UNDERSTAND??



TRACI LORDS IS...ARDUSED

Yankee spark-ops about an up-tight authoress whose writers block can only be cleared by a vigorous shafting from Rod Stewarts stunt double. Once that it has been unlocked she drifts into a world of increasingly explicit fantasies. But where does reality end and fantasy begin? Do you really care or are you here for the open flag, eh??

"Take suck," Traci has said. "Men are the lowest form of creatures." Admittedly, this former porn star has reason to be bitter. Once upon a time Lords was a lonely little girl with the decidedly uneasy name of Norma Norma. In her early teens, Norma discovered that she could use her rapidly blossoming body to make money, many new male friends to fill the void left by the disappearance of her abusive stockbroker daddy. Lords describes her teen years as "buses and boys," and by age 16 she had been knocked up, had an abortion, and had drifted into an association

Teenie slut Traci Lords is the screaming for semen star of this scam-flecked flick. Her popularity, much like quantum physics and how to undo bras with one hand, remains a total mystery to us. She's just some snotty brat with a ridiculous pout and a pair of udders that look like they got caught up in granny's mangle. Despite Lords' subsequent sob-stories, blaming it on the coke/booze, you just now she'd put her finger up yer gary glitter... with a drooping old woman who, posing as Lords' mother, had introduced her to the not exactly classy looks at the World Modeling Agency in Sherman Oaks, CA. The agency was a front for a porno outfit, and soon Lords was being featured in all her underage nekkidness in the pages of Penthouse magazine. Her spread was a hit, so little Norma got a parole-job and changed her name to Traci Lords ("Lords" being taken from Jack Lord of Hawaii 5-0, "the first man who made me nekkid I was scared," Traci has explained).

...A GREAT ASSASSINATION WAS GIVEN RECENTLY TO A MAN WHO SAID...

LIFE IS MEANT TO BE ENJOYED.



I mean this gal makes more noise when on the end of some studs' soaking peace pipe than a wounded buffalo having its' piles prodded by an irate pygmy with a sharpened bamboo splint! The highlight has just gotta be some totally hot Asian babes getting nasty whilst some donkey-wanged no talent chews her flange like some lager lout devouring a donner kebab. For

her troubles she then has a large smattering of cheese-whizz blasted onto her... carefully coiffured toupes.

Very much bog-standard fare with very little incentive for you to grease up yer arseholes.

Lords hasn't helped her cause any with a series of disturbing comments in the press regarding her lack of success. "I don't believe in fucking fat, stupid, producers to get a role," she snarled and scrawling like prodigy has said, "There are plenty of starlets willing to put their pants down for that. The only difference between me and them is I did mine on film."

DESIGNER OF SESSIO

Jean Rollin is loved by fans of fetish and the fantastic. Tattooed upon the memory of any viewer of his totally stylised vampire films are their surreal imagery, morbid intensity, sexual delirium and half-nekkid space-alien vampire-babes with pointy attachments on their nipples.

GULP! IT'S THE MUR GRAND, THE SWAMP NICKY HUE'S... UN... SCREW IN SOME ONE-ARMED GAL!

ABSOLUTELY FREE! 3 HOURS OF DELIGHTFUL JOE BACHERY



Chronic case of sadomasochism. This man inserted large dildos into his anus and with the lapise-like contraption could produce in-and-out movements by flexing his torso. The cause of death was a heart attack.

So, the opportunity to view one of his hardcore productions was not to be passed up. What imagination and verve would the galleic auteur bring to a genre swamped in dross?

Fuck all basically. The flick views like a piece of hack-work churned out to pay the rent inbetween more indulgent and less commercial ventures. Which is what it is.

COST. PAGE 10

CONT. FROM PAGE 11

You'll be hard pressed to watch the scene of a nasty Lahaie writhing about in her silk pyjamas whilst a sour-faced tart gives her glistening clams a finger work-out.

On street patrol nipping some poor kid who's nicked 10 bobas worth of sweets from Woolies, it's just one of the many rewarding day to day activities involved in being a Special.

Comic relief is provided by a hysterically stereotyped Resistance fighter who prematurely blows his diseased seed over an ungrateful starlets cheek.

Overall those in search of a new supply of ball dealers could do worse than look to Europe but would be advised to avoid this slice of froggy fornication.

Specials are volunteers from all walks of life. They have absolutely no respect from anyone over the age of seven and about the same powers as a parking attendant.

IMAGINE DE UN CONVENTO

SHHHH LORK!

My nun-plunger of a prong promised to take me into new dimensions of forekin retraction and vein defenition in quivering anticipation of exposure to one of D'Amatos more infamous efforts. And I don't try and tell me that ever since watching Ma 43 that you haven't fantasised about your love plums getting a righteous milking from some pubeless nun. And you're going to Hell be-

Being a Special will help develop your self confidence (which should be quite low judging by the amount of piss taking and bullying you got at school.) You should be suffering some sort of social defect ie ginger hair, glasses, rich parents, an aptitude for physics or the complete inability to play football either way you took a lot of shit off all the time!

cause of it! I must apologise to any female readers for this sexist drivel but Bomba is written by spotty male virgins with an unhealthy interest in a misogynistic and intellectually non-challenging genre for spotty male virgins blah blah...



APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

SODDYMIZED AGAIN!

Don't you know how much we need you? We need you to help us build a better world. We need you to help us build a better world. We need you to help us build a better world.

So if you are aged between 18 & 50 have no friends, no social graces, a spotty complexion and the burning desire to get your own back! Then call our confidential sad bastard helpline Call Now! 0345 999 999

It's craften-like qualities can't compensate for its' flimsy plot(hampered by Italian language) and the lack of any hardcore sex and violence. At a time when you would expect Joe to revel in an excess of total tastelessness, he bottles it with a display of softcore fuzziness(copyright Public Puns LTD 95).I mean I don't think you'll find this in yer local Blockbuster, but hardened Bombasites may well dismiss it as light-weight candyfloss.



SEUCE ME, LADY, BUT HOW MUCH FOR THIS COMPLETE SET OF "DONSOUR ATTACK" CARDS?

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Not much else to say that wasnt in last ish' Behind Convent Walls review. It appears that Joe has foreseen me in my hour of need and that my quest for the ultimate horny runs with the bodies of strippers flick must go on.

D'Amato breaks his own precedent by making, much like Beyond The Darkness , a well photographed and atmospheric (although rather more restrained)film.It revolves around hordes of exceptionally hairy Italian runs frigging themselves a stooped whilst a statue of Pan bes lots of furore

By joining the Specials not only will you be with like minded gits like yourself, you will also be able to get your own back on society and remoursh that deep hatred you have fostered for all these years. Eventually you will be able to grow a mustache and drive your own Panda car and kick all those bastards who made your teenage life such a misery.

coloured strobes flashed at it everytime it appears on screen. Unfortunately the bloke who did the soundtrack to Trap Them And Kill Them is also along for the ride.

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TO BE CONTINUED.....

ADULT

Rollin relies on that mainstay of all leaden-brained writers, the "is it a dream? scenario, to justify a knob-numbing smorgasbord of doggy-style jiz shots and precious little else.

A horrific looking hypodermic needle gushing with clear fluid (subtle eh?) and the starring presence of Glinka are the best excuses I can come up with for wasting my less than precious time on this doomer.

EMANUELLE IN AMERICA

Dirty Joe D'Amato unleashes the scuzziest entry yet in his long-running, it pays the rent I guess, Emanuele saga. I'm reliably informed that this "is the one that they've all been talking about" No surprise considering that segments of this celluloid mish-mash make Blood-Sucking Freaks look like a life-affirming advert for a Christian prayer-group!

Emanuelle's quest for a new story is the novel and inventive excuse for Joe to dish the dirt as the Black Pearl infiltrates a harem owned by a degenerated millionaire. As first sight there's precious little to report, but undeterred Emanuele uses her groovy pendant camera necklace to snap shots of yawn-inducing soft-core humping, copulating horses and some hilarious looking hardcore (excised in the completely legitimate over the counter honest guy Italian language version I tortured my eyeballs with). However whilst spying on Mr Big, Emanuele discovers his private collection of snuff movies and the film takes on a particularly sick bent.

**SWINGERS
PHONE
NUMBERS**

Her clear-skinned beauty, slight chubbiness are reminiscent of a 40s screen starlet. Only a Carlo Argento fan would consider kicking this lady out of bread for eating prawn crackers. As soon as she stops shagging ugly french-men with sweaty forekins I will gladly drink her bath-water. Even if she had peed in it.

A major disappointment but the promise of Phantasma, Rollins only(?) excursion into a hybrid of hardcore sex and horror beckons.

Will I ever learn.

Only a few years from the most technologically advanced in the last time in this really important book can you advance beyond mere sensory-vested pleasure into the realm of the shockingly powerful, magnificently sexual Ultimate Diagram. Only with the best sex you have ever to extend your sexual outcrops for hours on end without using, stimulating, promoting, or raising your mutual state, of exquisite evolution, culminating in the most thrilling orgasm you have ever both shared together, one that shakes every fibre of both your bodies in an ecstatic, ecstatic of sexual pleasure.

IT'S AN OLD PARTRIDGE FAMILY COMIC BOOK! CAN YOU DO IT?

SOMEONE DREW SEX ORGANS ALL OVER IT, SO WE GOT IT FOR ONLY 25 CENTS!

I'M FROM NEW JERSEY, I WANT IN JERSEY WE KILL PEOPLE FOR NO REASON AT ALL, CUX WE ALL GOT CANCER ANYWAY SO WHO GIVES A SHIT!

WHMM... COULD IT BE PERHAPS BE' CAUSE I'VE BEEN FINGERING YOUR ERECT PENIS FOR WELL OVER AN HOUR...

HARTLY TURNED HIS HEAD AND COVERED HIS EYES TO HIDE THE GORY SIGHT, BUT LIEUTENANT LINCEN'S HYSTERICAL BLOOD-CURLING SHRIEKS CONTINUED AS THE VINE-ROOTS TORE HIS ARMS AND LEGS FROM HIS BODY, ONE BY ONE! THE SHRIEL VOICE FROM THE ELECTRONIC TRANSLATOR WAS QUITE AUDIBLE...

AS: Do you ever worry about nuclear war? SW: No, as far as I'm concerned, the whole fuckin' planet is blown up the minute I die.

INQUISITION

Naschy flies straight in at number one on Bombas' "the Kids Hate You" chart. Nothing is more likely to send me into a mouth-foaming rage of Stefan J.-like proportions than the sycophantic blatherings that surround his shoddy werewolf series, hailing him as the last keeper of the flame that was Hammer. Since when does a ropey period-piece flick with a surplus of heaving bosoms qualify its creator as some holy fucking vanguard? Please, do me a favour cockney gunner.

I swear that the next time I have to read a fanzine that mentions Naschy once allowed himself to be bitten by live rats, I will hunt down the editor responsible and take a madras-fuelled dump in his mouth.

Rantings aside, Naschy is ideally cast as a lust-crazed Judge who controls his desires by torturing and burning innocents at the stake. Totally nutzoid, Naschy appears to have a whale of a time as he runs around in a red jump-suit that was rejected by Santos, fashion-consultant. I roared with laughter at the scene where Naschy takes sadistic glee in torturing a busty young wench with the lurid illustrations in his Encyclopaedia of Demons. The way his eyes bug-out you just know that he's on the verge of creaming his pants.

It's painfully obvious that Naschy is going to come to a sticky end, consumed by his inability to control his inner desires. So it's no big deal when they do. It takes some pretty fucking ridiculous plot twists to get us there 'tho. A hideously deformed retard lurches around sniffing young girls' panties to ensure that the charisma-free Naschy is not the most repulsive shit on view.

Did we really need a rumb

meat & flesh

HE TELLN' YA TRUE, MANT!
WE WEREN'T GONNA MENTION IT TO YA,
WUNT WITH YOU GUYS BEIN' OLD PALS AND
ALL, BUT WE CAUGHT HIM BUTT-FUCKING-
THIS TRANSGESTITE AT A PARTY
THE OTHER NIGHT.



CHICK SIX EYE REMOVED,
ORIGINAL MATERIALS ARE DESTROYED
FOR GOOD.



OH, GOD!
GOD AT WHAT
HAT ASSHOLE
GOD TO ME!

skulled remade of "the
Devils" by some nipple-
torturing fatty?

a cult of
the living
dead!

Q: I have just read your issue...
A: I have just read your issue...
Q: I have just read your issue...
A: I have just read your issue...

FACE OF SPADES

Totally hilarious effort from "the Diamond Collection" a late 70s rival to Swedis Erotica and Color Climax in the cheapo porno-shorts stakes, found lurking on a tatty-copy of Baby-Face that I confiscated as part of my day-time job at Customs. There will always be a place in my heart for then thanks to such incredible lines of dialogue such as "What's it like to have two women Jesse?" "UNNNH. I always say that it's the only

"SATAN'S BLACK WEDDING"

way. UNNNH!" and classics like this title which focuses in on the most politically incorrect racial-stereo-types with hysterical results.

WHY KILL YOUR
BROTHER?
HE BOUGHT RECORDS
FOR YOU, DIDN'T HE?
HE LOVES ROCK 'N'
ROLL SLAUGHTER
THOSE GIRLS,
INSTEAD THEY'RE
THE ONES
WHO HATE
BLACKS.

ANY PLANS FOR ANNUAL
DANCE SOLO ADVENTURES
-CHRIS FREEMAN
MINNEAPOLIS, MN
YES OH, WE HAVE
A TEAM OF EXPERTS
SWERING ON THIS.

It starts with footage of a super-fly bad-ass Jin Kelly type dealing cards and flashing a gap-toothed grin to the camera. At this point our female star makes her entrance and starts her narration.

These girls do
exactly what you
think they do!

"hey fellas, let me tell you what it's like to fuck a gorilla. He's one ugly nigger but he's got a big cock. By the way, he's my pimp."

Having effectively set the scene, our narrator (no oil painting herself) and stud skin up and snake a roach. With no warning it cuts to them sitting buck-naked on the sofa. He jiggles her sagging breasts. I

WHETHER AUBREY GOLLINS WAS INNOCENT OR GUILTY IS NOT IMPORTANT! BUT FOR ANY AMERICAN TO HAVE SO LITTLE REGARD FOR THE LIFE AND RIGHTS OF ANY OTHER AMERICAN IS A DEBASEMENT OF THE PRINCIPLES OF THE CONSTITUTION UPON WHICH OUR COUNTRY IS FOUNDED!

"I like yer tits girliee," our stud intones in a totally OUI Uncle Tom style. "Ooooh yes, suck on my cock white girliee. That sure does feel fine. Lordy, lordy, that sure does feel bee-yoo-tiful."

"Damn, this makes me feel like shaking my tits around." The pair leap and as he swings his shaft out of time to the calypso sound-track, she bends over and wobbling her hideous butt she plates his meat with amazing dexterity. It climaxes with a standard choad-eruption and the women stumbling on in her own heavy-lidded manner about nigger meat.

Available on sell-through at your local high street store.

GHASTLY BEYOND BELIEF

1978 - STEVEN QUINN HIS FACTORY 308

EAT SOME PASTE



OUT THREATS NINE

...is the souziest Western this side of Peckinpa to pass thru the VCR. Avoiding many of the cliches inherent in Spaghetti Westerns whilst creating a few twists of its' own, its' simple story-line demands audience interaction with the intriguing characters and the brutal violence propels it along at a brisk pace.

Sarge Brown is responsible for escorting seven convicts from the gold mine at which they've been chain-ganged to a fort. Following a disaster, a attack by gold-hunters and its, the rebellious group is forced to continue its' trek on foot under the gaze of the forceful Brown. Frictions build and pressures reach boiling point when it transpires that one of the convicts, identity not revealed, is responsible for the murder of Brown's young wife and that the chains that shackle them together are solid-gold; they were being used as unwitting dupes for the authorities. It soon escalates to a grisly climax.

By far the most fascinating device used within the film is freeze-frame at its most dramatic moments which is used to offer smattering of back-ground detail on that protagonist. This works upon a theory that is introduced early in proceedings and is ever-present; that at the time of death or great danger, that your life flashes before our eyes. Indeed this is the only film whereby I have pondered the characters' actions outside of the period covered by the film's narrative.

As Brown and his daughter Kathy, fight losing battle against the cruel elements



THE METAL SPLIT OPEN AND FELL AWAY IN TWO PIECES...UNVEILING THE ROTTED, DECAYED, PUTRID-SMELLING HEAD OF A WOMAN! THERE WAS NO DOUBT WHO SHE WAS...FOR, TO BARY, THE FLAMING RED HAIR WAS THE MOST POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION!

and the human vultures that gather, the chain that links the convict drives deep divisions due to its' very nature and value. As greed and lust surface and metamorphise into violence one of the convicts is strangled because the others are too lazy to allow a concession to his broken leg. When Brown refuses



to cut the corpse free and for forces them to carry it, they leave it on a fire overnight until Kathy discovers its smouldering remains! As Browns' love and devotion to Kathy gives him strength, the brutal acts that he has to commit for them to survive drive her away from him.

I've no wish to detract any potential viewing enjoyment by rambling and wanking on about the rest of the film. Needless to say, it's final message of retribution is well in keeping with its' bleak and nihilistic roots. Whilst not on a level with The Bell Of Hell or Videodrome its' certainly from the same mould in that it improves upon repeated viewings and deserves attention.

It may be a down 'n dirty monster of a film but if you think I'm gonna discuss the director, cast etc.....

REDNECK ZOMBIES

Cast your mind back to the days of Chas Balun, Deep Red mag, Horror Holocaust, Films that Bite, Trons and.... REDNECK ZOMBIES!

Shot on video, RZ is a nifty little flick which really does belie its' budgetary restrictions. This ain't no ZOMBIE 90 shit-fest. Sure, it looks pretty cheap but it's so much fucking FUN, that it doesn't seem to matter.

The story is simple... surprise, surprise. Barrel of toxic sludge falls off the back of an Army jeep (Hey it happens. OK?) and into the paws of a bunch of rootin'-tootin' red-neck fuck-ups. After turning

EGG LER? BAH! I'VE GOT A PURE NEW MENTAL!

it into a still and brewing radioactive shit into a batch of moon-shine, they turn into ravenous cannibal zombies. Enter lunch, a weird, mixed bunch of, mostly middle-aged, nobodies, presumably the only losers willing to star in a film about in-bred mutant red-neck zombies!

Picked off one by one, the sole survivor is by now a gibbering wreck thanks to the ghastly horror that she has witnessed and is locked in asylum. But wait... who's that in the cell next door? Another camper who spent the entire film swigging from a bottle of booze, never utters a word and ends up being gutted and eaten. How so? Well, this is what makes RZ the gem it is. Surreal little touches abound, lifting the film up, up and

away from the cess-pit of shot-on-video hell. Consider the character known as the Tobacco Man: The Ice Cream Man of red-neck land, selling different types of 'baccy to the gleeful kiddie 'necks, driving around

THEN I FELT THE HORRIBLE, SLIMY TOUCH OF ITS PROTOPLASMIC BODY PRESSING OVER ME.....

and banging on a frying pan to let the kids know he's here. With a crumpled brown paper bag on his head and a creepy, sludgy voice, he is an inspired touch. Sadly limited to a small amount of screen-time he pops up at the end to save the day and in the process sends our lone heroine over the edge into madness!

There's a skin-crawlingly tense scene where a wide-eyed terrified young woman struggles, bound and gagged on a sofa waiting for the red-neck dinner table. Homages and piss-takes abound. Hitch from Texas C.H. makes a daft appearance as does a visual from 2000 Maniacs and even the "torchlight autopsy" from Jaws!

HOLY SHIT!
HITLER BEING CARRIED OFF INTO A JAIL FOR USE IN NEIRD GENETIC EXPERIMENTS!

INSTANT ACTION

PEEL OFF BLACKHEADS.

BLENDING, WHITENING, GROUND IN SOOT
By the way! NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED



A few jumps aside, the video-graphy looks good and the editing, normally the downfall in this type of affair is very easy on the eye and, in places, inspired. Most of the acting is adequate with the bungling rednecks a particular joy to behold. With cool squishy gore effects and some OK humour, this is mouth-watering, riotous entertainment for non-anobs.

Do you have what it takes to be
Richard Ramirez's girlfriend?

Mention must be made concerning the reprehensible portrayal of a homosexual soldier. Camp, limp-wristed, wincing and so stupid that he walks straight into a huge mob of zombies just because they're male. Everyone concerned should be shot for letting this go, which shows more moronic backward mentality than any of the inbreds in the film. Bestards.

"Sweet Redneck Memories..."

Salon and disease and death and the unintentional. There were my interests. At eleven years old, I told my female teacher to blow me. Out loud. In the middle of class. I told every adult I met to go fuck themselves. I thought about running away to some faraway but terminal and trying drugs. I wanted to inhale every drug in existence. My tastes weren't bad for an eleven-year-old.

CALIGULA AND MESSALINA

A real Italian atrocity. A brainless attempt to cash in on the, pretty much brainless, Roman/Caligula sub-genre. The plot is unimportant and is summed up thus: Caligula is a depraved sexual glutton as is his missus Messalina. A plot against him leads to his death and Claudius takes over as Emperor who, in the end is put to death.

best but As a kid, and would not one watch porno movies, always S-M bondage type. I remember that I began to get excited from them. I did



For heaven's sake catch me before I kill more...I cannot control myself

In between, we are treated to so much nudity that even the Bombas team become blasé about it, some wild (and crap) violence, gross sweaty softcore couplings, dwarves with big dicks fucking Messalina, laughable man-eating lions, men in skirts, virtual non-direction, execrable dubbing and worst of all, close-up porno-style scenes of animals having it off. I mean what sort of punter did they think they were catering for here?

I believe God has a twisted sense of humor, and he uses me for his amusement.

—Unidentified victim of mutilation by forces of St. Anthony's Seminary, Santa Barbara, California

In-your-face shots of flapping pulsating horse vaginas and dicks followed by penetration is NOT, I sincerely hope, what your average well-adjusted trash-fiend wants to see.

You have an excellent magazine, however there is one area I feel you have neglected: S&M/B&D.

Oww!
mmm,
slowly
my love.
(ugh)
deeper,
oooooh!



Most men spend their lives fearing their mothers. I've spent my life plotting ways to kill her.

An Italian/French co-production, one wonders whether it was Anthony Pass or Jean Jacques Benaim who decided upon this dubious inclusion. It'd be nice to gain an insight into such a cynical mind. What else is there to say? A boring, almighty fuck-up with its' only redeeming feature being the mercifully short running time. **"ANSWER Me!"**

THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES

The two-ton monster with the chain-saw teeth!

Building upon the trail blazed by Alex De Renzy, Gerald Dandino pretty much singlehandedly dragged hardcore porn spitting and grunting into the public eye and invented "porno-chic". Porn's reign as an accessible and workable medium was short-lived, but even the most mediocre producer from this golden-age show up modern porn as the no-talent, silicone-titled trash that it is. Both the mind and flesh are provoked by the tale of Miss Jones, a frustrated middle-aged spinster, who, having committed suicide finds herself in Hell waiting room, a secluded farmhouse. Despite leading a chaotic

BIRTH of a BABY
Beth Normal
and CAESARIAN

She FOUND OUT how they
LIVE below TUBED ROAD!

personal tastes she is ideal as the repressed spinster shedding her inhibitions. Shot during rehearsals without the knowledge of the players, the sex scenes have a true edge and freshness. Spelvin's sexual

babble as she instructs and goods two studs to enter her and her squabbling over gobbling rights to an anonymous wang give a real feel of authenticity never repeated in cinema. Each public hair, drop of fluid and fold of flesh is clarified by the special magnifying lens that Dandino employed to particularly startling effect to the scene where the ubiquitous Harry Rees deflowers Miss Jones.

TOWER of SCREAMING VIRGINS

NOTHING'S WORSE THAN HAVING TO PEE REALLY BAD WHILE YOU'RE HAVING SEX. YOU START TO WONDER IF YOU'RE GONNA CUM PEE INSTEAD OF SEMEN...

SHIT! I USED TO REALLY WORRY ABOUT THAT ALL THE TIME!

WOOL THAT FEEL GOOD...

life, the horrified Miss Jones is informed by an individual known as Abba that she is to be sent to Hell. Desperately but unsuccessfully pleading against her sentence ("it's not as if I'm on commission"), Miss Jones is allowed a temporary respite in order that she may indulge in the physical pleasures that she denied herself in life. Her actions and total embrace of sexual abandon reveal her previous abstinence to be self denial base upon the threat of punishment rather than a true reflection of her inner feelings and desires.

Having returned upon the forbidden fruits she is called back to face her destiny. Hell is not an inferno of demons and flames but a single white-washed cell where she is doomed to eternally frig herself short of an orgasm. Therefore her Hell of frustration and denial is one of her own creation; the sexual indulgences that she craved are the means by which she is to be punished. What you've never had you don't miss.

A total joy!!! At this rate we're gonna have to start calling ourselves BONER MOVIES!

Georgina Spelvin, in her first starring role having originally been hired to provide the films' catering is superb as Miss Jones. Although a little bit too much on the Readers Wives side of looks for my

WARRING OPTION
and when it's time to give it to the audience...
and when it's time to give it to the audience...
and when it's time to give it to the audience...
and when it's time to give it to the audience...

